EIGHT HOURS & DAY. A Chapter of Ifs-Some Continuous that Be

Strikes continue in different parts of the sountry, owing to a determination on the part of workmen to secure a reduction in the hours of labor. There are several features to this question, one economic, snother financial, and a third social, and, as they seem to be involved and complicated, and sometimes even contra-dictory, they should be carefully scrutinized before attempting measures which might prove to be costly and unprofitable.

It is a common impression among men who have never studied political economy statistically, the only method of study by the way which entitles the student to be heard, that a reduction either in the number of workmen or in the hours of work will increase the relative demand for labor, and consequently raise the rate of compensation. This opinion is founded on the conviction that the demand for marketable products is natural, and that it would exist under any and all circumstances. But it ought not to be necessary to say that such

an opinion is altogether mistaken. Under prevailing methods, workmen do not actually employ themselves: but they produce the funds which, returning through the channels of the market, furnish the means for their employment; and without their labor this fund would have no existence. Say that a workman produces annually to the value of \$1,000 in some marketable product. He adds. then, at least \$900 to his own purchasing power, and the full amount of his product to the total yearly resources of the market. Without his contribution, this sum would have to be deducted from the total of the annual market transactions. It will be believed, perhaps, that if he had not produced his quota, some other workman would have entered the field and supplied his place. But this would be an impossibility. One workman cannot perform the labor of two workmen, and somewhere in the total of market resources there would be found man himself has made the demand for his own labor, or, what amounts to the same thing, furnished the means of paying for his labor.

The point will be more clearly seen, perhaps,

if the illustration be more broadly stated. Say that one million men produce an annual prod-uct of \$1,000 each. This would make a total of \$1.000,000,000; and it should be needless to say that this sum would create a new demand for the labor of the one million men who were engaged in its production. Men wonder how we manage to absorb our immense annual immigration without demoralizing and deranging the entire industrial system of the country. But the reason is clear. Every immigrant who manages to keep out of the poorhouse, pays his way from the beginning; and had we no deeper cause for quarrel with some of our importa-tions from Europe than is to be found in their ability to damage the interests of labor, we should have very little reason for complaint.

Now, apply this illustration to the proposition to reduce the hours of labor from ten to eight, and see where we land. Many men in the United States engaged in productive industry of one kind or another work more than ten hours a day, some continuously all the year round, and others intermittently. Other men, again, work less than ten hours. We cannot, therefore, make any exact calculation, founded on the statistics of production, of the eflects of reducing the hours of labor. But we can reach an approximate estimate. There has

fects of reducing the hours of labor. But we can reach an approximate estimate. There has probably been an increase of at least \$2,000.000,000 on the annual product of the country since 1880; but as the census estimates of that year placed it at \$9,000,000,000, we will suppose it now, for convenience in calculation, to have reached only \$10,000,000,000, and that this amount is a result of ten hours' work per day among all classes of producers. Reduce the hours of labor to eight per day, and by the natural decline the product should fall to \$5,000,000,000 per year, the market losing \$2.000,000,000 in its resources. This is a startling-ly large decline for a single season.

But I shall be told that it is not proposed to allow any decline for a single season.

But I shall be told that it is not proposed to allow any decline in prices; that workmen expect to obtain as much money for eight hours' labor, and that their own purchasing power will not be diminished. But somebody must suffer. Contracts have long resches, and market prices could not be raised instantly to meet producing prices. There will be a shortage of about \$2,000,000,000 in the product the first year, and it would be a stiff market indeed where such a decline could be met without producing panie and general bankrupter. Many fallures would inevitably follow; and the real stringency of the pressure could not be known until the experiment had been tried. This much, however, could be confidently anticipated. Many studied thousand men would be thrown out of employment, and there would be a least a temporary defeat of the notion that fewer working hands would increase the demand for labor.

But admit that this temporary entanglement could be unresvelled. The workday has been

the notion that fewer working hands would increase the demand for labor.

But admit that this temporary entanglement could be unravelled. The workday has been shortened in the past without bringing any irretrievably fatal results, and we might look to see the experience repeated. But we should still find ourselves marching in an economic circle. Prices would finally adjust themselves to the new order: but there would be no increase in the demand for labor, and idleness would still remain as prevalent as ever. The idea that labor is dependent on human needs for its employment is only in an infinitesimally small degree correct. The actual needs of men, on the barbarian standard of living at least, are limited to a very small part of their expenditures. I would not like to state it on an affidavit, but it is my impression that a man could escape starvation, and keep himself warmly enough clad and sheltered to protect his life against any fatal attacks of inclement weather, on \$100 per year. Some of the street musicinas, I think, in broadcloth coats and brass buttons, must live on even loss money. Every poor man who will take the trouble of analyzing his expenditures, will be surprised at the amount expended for articles which he could either have done without altogether, or exchanged for chesper articles had it had been an absolute necessity. Rind, I am not reasoning that he ought to restrict himself within the limits of such close economy. I am only reasoning that he ought to restrict himself within the limits of such close economy. I am only reasoning that in a general sense, it is production that sustainaths market, and that it is the total of production that makes what we call the demand for labor. A man can only buy to the extent of his means for payment, and he will generally be found buying, in commodities of some sort, pretty well up to his limit. But his means will be measured by the amount of his contribution to the market, and also.

and he will generally be lound blyling. In commodities of some sort, pretty well up to his limit. But his means will be measured by the amount of his conditions to the market, and not by his wants.

To this conclusion, then, must we come at last. Economically, after the market had adjusted itself to the changed conditions, a reduction in the number of workings hours, would be a matter of not much consequence. But, financially, were the change to be made by a sudden and general movement, disaster must follow, and disaster possibly of sufficient magnitude to defeat the movement itself. Turn, then, to the social features of the plan, and see whether here also we shall be forced to reach conclusions which do not consinde.

It can hardly be questioned that men work too much for either their, best physical or intellectual good. Even in labor that develops the muscles and improves the physical condition, eight hours a day is sufficient to secure every bonefit that can be derived from the exercise. But all labor is not healtful. At many kinds of labor men are obliged to assume cramped and injurious positious, and in many places they are subjected to a stifling and unhealthy atmosphere which becomes more and more fatal to health as they become physically exhausted from the effects of toil. In all such casesgiabor ought hot to be pursued beyond the minimum number of hours that will suffice to carry on the industry successfully. But here, again, is an obstruction. From this point of view we cannot fix any limit of time that will work equal justice to all trades. If eight hours a day be sufficient in the permanent of view we cannot fix any limit of time that will work equal justice to all trades. If eight hours a day be sufficient as a finite of the house carpenter or bricklayer, six hours should be enough, and more than enough, for the paper hanger, the plasterer, or the house painter, with his pots charged with painters' colic. We see, therefore, that the law of equity must be disregarded when we attempt to limit a day's

independent of the man more independent independent. Let me speak here with bated broath. It is the easiest thing in the world to waste two hours a day. The working might spend their leisure in reading newspapers; and I do not know that they would always be improved in their mental balance by this practice. There are newspapers and newspapers. Some newspapers are policonous; and those which take the most pains to these themselves as reason with working are the most poison-

nothing that will add to their popularity; and would not even tell a workman that his pockets were being picked if there was a clear chance that a portion of the swag would go toward increasing their circulation. On the whole, I should be inclined to hold that if workman were to give all their spare time to the porusal of such newspapers as bid with the greatest effrontery for their favor, it would be better for their mental equilibrium if they ware kept at work ten hours, fifteen hours, any number of hours indeed, that would compet them to drop into bed exhausted the moment they were relieved, and lie there until awakened by the factory bell in the morning. But if they would devote their hours of leisure to the study of political economy as it is formulated by men who understand national bookkeeping, and give a reasonable time to historical research and the study of constitutional republicanism, society at large as well as they themselves would derive a signal benefit from a reduction of the hours of labor. For the boon of greater popular intelligence on these subjects we could afford to see the creation of wealth retarded for a time, however important may be its increase for the general interests of the community.

From all points of view, then, the argument must remain inconclusive. But here is the point where the reader should expect to see enter the hobby horse which the writer mounts on every possible eceasion, provided it be not an occasion of street parade. Before interfering with industrial conditions by a movement which can only be made harmless by being prolonged through several years of gradual reduction in working hours, and might even then compel an increase in protective duties to keep American workmen on an equal footing with their foreign competitors, it will be best to see if easier living conditions cannot be provided. The first duty of the workmen to themselves is to escape the necessity for paying rent, and to clear out or compel a reconstruction of the tonement house districts, which, in s

WOMEN'S RIGHTS IN JAPAN.

The Scandal About a Nobleman's Wife who Recent Tokio newspapers contain reports of an ugly scandal by which the court circles of the Mikado's capital have been greatly agitated. A Minister of State, one of the newly created peers of the realm, has detected his wife—an attractive and accomplished woman, well known in this country as a graduate of Vassar College—in guilty intrigues with menials, and has sent her in disgrace to her parents, under whose guardianship she will henceforth remain, without other punishment than the shame which she has brought upon herself. This leniency is strikingly significant of the changes Japan has undergone in a single generation. Ten years ago the inevitable penalty for such a crime would have been immediate death. In the present case the injured husband might have taken the law into

inis own hands with impunity but he chose in in unmolested infamy for the rest of her days. The motives by which he was innelled to this course deserve consideration from all who regard with interest the progress of the most advanced of eastern nations.

The condition of the women of Japan, though not so utterly ablect as that of their sex in continuous and the continuous

At the recent reunion, during the commence-ment exercises at West Foint, the alumni of the United States Military Academy determined to adopt a badge that will distinguish them from officers of the army who that will distinguish them from officers of the army who are appointed from civil life. They voted down propositions to sign "U.R. M.A." after their names, and to wear a medal similarly lettered, with the addition of an appropriate design. But they referred to a committee, with power, a proposal that as soon as they can be manufactured and distributed, they wear a button, similar to the buttons of the Grand Army of the Republic and the Loyal Legion, in the buttonhole of the left layer of the coat. The button will probably be of bronze, with a castle or soone design equally suggrestive of the architectural features of West Point, with the letters "U. S. M. A." inscribed beneath it.

Strawberries in New Jersey. The yield of strawberries in New Jersey is enermous, and the season is at his height. The prices are so low that many growers will goo, picking, almost the outlar for bones and labor equals the amount recovered for the fruit. The apple copy will be very large, and peach growers are neaguline of a good year.

The Comic Song that Made Moulenger Fo. mone-The Revenge-General and the Goneral Sphing-The New Minister of War -Ronan on Nationality-Ruined and Un-

der Canvac-Mme. Pelonne Comes to Grief -President Grevy to Pay the Bill.

Paris, June 10 .- For the moment, there is no use disguising the fact, Gen. Boulanger is shelved; M. Clemenceau has lost the game and lessened his position, and the radicals have been outwitted. It is needless in this letter to repeat details which the telegraph has con-veyed concerning M. Rouvier's plucky conduct in the Chamber, and his victory over the radicals, whose haste to interpellate proved their ruin. In reality the whole recent Ministerial crisis, and the whole debate on which the fortunes of the new Cabinet depended, turned upon Gen. Boulanger, But why did it turn upon Boulanger? The question is as inexpli-cable as the personality of the General him-self. One day Gen. Boulanger issued, Minerva-like, from the brow of M. Clemenceau, a thor-oughly Parisian Jupiter, compeller of clouds. Boulanger was fair to look upon; taking advantage of his position as Minister, he pro-ceeded to make sonorous speeches which pleased the crowd, and flattered the soldiers and subaltern officers; finally, last summer, at the review at Longohamps, on the national fête of July 14, he hired from a horse dealer a wonderful black charger, covered his proud bosom with medals and crosses, and pranced about so gorgeously that the Parisians were smitten. The street boys applauded; the milliners' girls be-gan to dream of his blue eyes and neatly trimmed beard, and Paulus, the great café concert singer, interpolated his name in a marching song, which at once became and still remains the most popular song in Paris and in France, and which has undoubtedly contribu ted more than any act or speech of Boulanger himself to the immense popularity of the Revenge-General, as he has come to be called of late. This marching song, called "En Revenant de la Revue," relates the adventures of a family who go to see the review at Longchamps, and whose patriotic enthusiasm assumes diverse phases, one of which is admiration of "our brave General Boulanger." Here is the great verse which has been ringing through France for months and months, which is still nightly applauded in a thousand cafe concerts, and which was the rallying cry of the manifestants who swarmed last night on the Place de l'Opera, crying "Vive Boulanger!" ted more than any act or speech of Boulanger

Ma sour qu' aime les pompiers Acciams ces fiers troupiers; Na tendre èpouse bat see mains Quand defilent les Saint-Cyriens. Ra belle-mere pouses des oris En reluquant les Spahls. Moi je ne faissis qu' admirer Notre brave General Boulanger.

Note brave Gentral Boulanger.

The words are not very wonderful, but everybody in France knows them, from the aristocrats down to the street sweepers, and the swinging music is played all over the country on military bands, on barrel organs, on accordions, on fiddles, on penny whisties, and also on human whisties, which cannot be bought for a price. And now Paulus is singing it every night in the Champs Elysées with all the troupe of the cafe concert marching along in the chorus:

Gais et contents

Nous etions triomphants
De nous voir a Longchampe,
Le ceur a l'alse,
Sans hetter

Nons voilust tour fêter
Voir et complimenter
L'armes Francaise.

Here is the source of Baulanger's popularity:

Nons voulous tous feter
Voir set compilmenter
L'armée Francaise.

Here is the source of Boulanger's popularity:
A black charger, a new uniform, and a popular
café concert song. And now, although he is no
longer Ministor, he remains a centre of interest. "I will wait," he has said, and he is waiting. His portraits in oil, in pastel, in marble, in bronze, on foot, on horseback, in full
drees, in undress, cover the walls of the Salon;
his photographs, in all poses, are displayed in
the shop windows beside the portraits of our
most low-necked and popular actresses; the
ladies, obedient to the milliners, wear Boulanger hats; high and low talk and think about
Boulanger. "He will restore the monarchy," say
some. "He will be the General of the Commune," say others. "Neither monarchy nor
commune, nor republic." say others: "he will
be the military despot of a Boulangerie." For
Boulanger is a Sphinx who has revealed his
secret to nobody: indeed we do not evon know
whether he has any secret to reveal. He is
popular? You may question any of the
admirgers of the General, from Rochefort
and Clemenceau, down to the cook boys, and
none will be able to say what Boulanger is,
what he wants, what are his dreams, his tendencies, his aspirations, his capacities. Apparently Gen. Boulanger is a skeptic, a sensualist certainly, an enjoyer evidently. He posseases the art of speculating upon human
credulity, and he knows that vanity is the best
lever for ambition. He enjoys the present and
is prepared to enjoy the future if it happens to
have joys in store; he kaows how to say commonplace things appropriate to the rank of
each; to the soldier the word that makes
them dream, to the crowd the word that provokes a patriotic apotheosis, to the after-diinner public of a banquet the word that draws
forth the last gas of post-prandial enthusiasm
and unreasoning sentimentality. Gen. Bou-

and unreasoning sentimentally. Gen. Boulanger, the holy of the and of particular and of the sentimentally. Gen. Boulanger, the holy of the and of particular and of the sentimental to t

RITTLE CREEK'S LONE FISHERMAN. The Trouble that Lije Goodyear's Bear Story Hoaped on his Mind. HARRISBURG, June 12.—It was drawing

of the President of the republic, which position he has used to forward his business ventures, and to force people to take stock in his schemes. Now there is a complete orash; M. Daniel Wilson has come to grief; Mme, Pelouse has come to grief with him; and, to the great diagust of President Grévy, his daughter has endorsed some of M. Wilson's paper. Now the question is, will M. Grévy belle his general reputatation for stinginess and honor his daughter's signature? Will he help M. Wilson out of his meas? Or will he simply clasp his Alice and her baby gir! Margaret, to his protecting and Presidential bosom, and leave M. Wilson to get out of the sgrape as best he can? However that may be, Mme. Pelouse remains out of the way. Last autumn she visited Constantinople, and proceeded thence to Persia accompanied by a whole army of attendants. All the winter she appears to have lived with her carevan under canvas, and in February she halted at Bagdad, where she now dwells in her tents, well provided with ready money, I presume, and waiting for something to turn up. Meanwhile Chenonceaux, together with Charles Toché's wonderful frescoes and all the other wonderful things that the historical house contains: Chenonceaux, with its souvenirs of Marie Stuart. Cabrelle d'Estrées, Catherine de Medici, Diane de Poitiers, Jean Jacques Rousseau, is for sale by private treaty in consequence of the prodigality and imprudence of its present owner. Who will buy it? Who can buy it?

The jury of the Salon, faithful to the system of retalisation which it has adopted since the existence of the 30 per cent. tariff on foreign pictures imported into the United States, has awarded no medals to American exhibitors this year. In the section of painting 'honorable mentions' have been awarded to Mesars. Reinhardt, Julian Story, Ch. H. Davis, Hitcheock, Beckwith, and Mrs. Chadwick, of whom the first four certainly deserved medals. Among the winners of third-class medal a warded to a born American as anything but a confirmation of the prohibitory sy loward evening on one of the very rainlest of the many recent very rainy days we had had up among the mountains on the head waters of Kittle Creek. Although it was the month of warmth and roses, the weather required a blazing fire in Major Haight's cabin fireplace. A vellowish fog, such as I had never seen hovering at such an elevation before, where such fogs as occasionally visit these hills are white and fleecy and ephemeral as dew, had formed around the south border of the ground that stretches away from the edge of the Major's pine-bordered clearing, and was climbing, close-ranked and slowly, up the bold escarpment of Big Oak Knob, like an army storming a height. Through the diagonal lines of falling rain the edge of the pine forest could be seen but dimly from the cabin window, and the spiteful storm seemed to begrudge even that dismal outlook, so savagely did it dash and beat against the small and grimy pane. The utter cheerless ness of the prospect without had penetrated the cabin, and neither the efforts of the blaze

discosting to the Three means of the Company of the the attorney, who wanted her to sign over her right in the remaining \$60,000. This she positively refused to do, but in order to compel her she had been taken, she wrote, to some place ishe did not know where, imprisoned, and subjected to all manner of cruel torture, even to having been hung up by her thumbs. That in consequence of this treatment she has been very sick and was now nearly deranged. She had made fruitless endeavors to escape, and this letter she would give to a little girl, addressed under cover to the postal authorities in Boston, who would forward it to Mr. Brooks, and, if received, she begged he would take immediate steps to find and release her. Mr. Brooks will at once raise money and put the whole matter into the hands of a competent detective. He fears that foul play has already been attempted, but seems to have full faith in his wife's security, despite her failure to write him for several months, when she was corresponding with other members of the family. The Denverse End of The Story.

Prom the Omnha Beruid.

The despatch sent from Vassar, Mich., about Mrs. Albert Brooks having come to Denver to take possession of a large property, and who is now held captive by a gang of men, who have secured a part of her fortune and who demanded the rest, was investigated by your correspondent last night. The detective alluded to was Col. Charles Hawing of Denver, who puts quite a different phase on the matter. Mrs. Brooks came to Denver last September. On her way here she was joined by a Swede girl at Pueblo. Mrs. Brooks went to the Scandia House, where she worked for a while, then went to board at 1.845 Arapahoe street, where she went by the name of Mrs. Annie Van Dorn. While here she made a will making bequests amounting to \$250,000, which she placed in the First National Bank. Relating her story to Col. Hawley, Mrs. Brooks said that about twenty years ago she was angaged to a man named Van Dorn in Michigan, but he died before the wedding day. Van Dorn left his fortune to his sister, Annie Van Dorn, on the condition that when she married she was to give half of it. \$250,000, to Mrs. Brooks. Mr. Brooks who was in Denver several weeks ago, said his wife could have had the money at Van Dorn's death had she so desired. Mrs. Brooks said she came West to find Annie Van Dorn, who lived in Mc Whyle's Crystal Palace, over the Bangre De Cristo range. The detective says this place has never materialized. She also claimed that she had an attorney named Schuman, who lived at New Carlisle. Ind, who was to manage her estate. She described him as having a dark complexion. Oo! Hawley has found out that the lawyer is a negro barber.

Mrs. Brooks claimed while hers that she had a \$60,000 draft which she had received from her lawyer, and parties who live in the Arapahoe street boarding house claim to have seen the day she went to the bank to deposit the will the lawyer, who does not be a marked and the first her boarding house, but when the roles of the same of the color of the same of the s

that troubled the Major about Lije's veracity. The old woodeman grow impatient and restless. Finally Lije said:

"I had a story, I were gointer tell ye, Maje, but I can't do it."

"Not the one 'bout the b'ars!" exclaimed the Major in dismay,

"Yes, the one 'bout the b'ars," said Lije,

"Why can't ye tell it, Lige ?" asked the Major, appealingly.

"Why can't I tell it!" exclaimed Lije. "Sizglin' ginger! kin I show ye how I clutched the throat o' one o' them b'ars with my right hand an' shet its caloric squar' off, w'en I hain't got pary a hand to show ye how 'twere done? Rin I lay it down to ye how I kicked the life outen one o' the other b'ars with my left leg, w'en my left leg is three foot under ground, an' my right un is laid up stiffer'in a fence rail an' sorer'n the earsche? No. I can't! I can't do it! I never know'd afore w'at it were to be a cripple, Maje, but now I do."

"The Major never spoke a word on the way back to the cabin, but when we got in and he stirred up the fire and shoved the opaque bottle across the table, he said:

"I'm inter the swamphole o' onsartinty up to my neck, an' if Lije Goodyear dies afore some one else hears him tell that story an' eases my mind by jedgin' of it I'm a goner from the Gone Woods, sonny, an' th' hain't no help fer me!"

BUFFALO BILL'S EARLY DAYS. Kansas City Remembers How be Whipped an English Bully in the Red-hot Days.

The surry of the proposal owners. Who will Guy it's
— The surry of the sole, pathyles to extreme the second of the 50 per copy, sayff on foreign and state of the 50 per copy, sayff on the 50 per

Dr. H. A. Hare Makes Seme Experiments that Will Be Interesting to Lovers of Lager.

Prom the Medical News.

Dr. H. A. Hare, demonstrator of experimental therapeutics and instructor in physical diagnosis in the University of Pennsylvania. says the physician is frequently puzzled when proscribing for a convalencent patient, as to which alcoholic beverage of a mild and pleasant character he can recommend with the least foar of "upsetting" the stomach. The writer has, therefore, attempted to decide this question. Before passing to a direct consideration of the methods employed and the results obtained, it is necessary that a few physiological and theraneutical points be brought forward. Every one knows that alcohol retards digestion in the test tube, but alds it in the stomach; and while those facts seem somewhat paradoxical, they are, in reality, perfectly logical, for the following reasons:

In the test tube we have a given quantity of digestive fluid on which the alcohol may act, and we cannot have any increase in the quantity of that fluid because it is surrounded by glass walls. In the stomach the alcohol acts quite as much on the digestive ferment as it does in the test tube, but it also, by its presence in that viscus, excites the gastric glands to such an extent that an excess of gastric juice is secreted sufficient to counterbalance any anti-digestive influences. The action of the spirit on the living tissue is greater than its action on the digestive ferments.

Theoretically, alcohol should never be used in indigestion or in conditions of gastric weakness; practically, every physician of experience or education gives alcohol under just these circumstances, and very properly too, gives the stronger alcoholic preparations instead of the weaker. In typhoid fever we give brandy or whiskey in the first stages, almost solely for the purpose of increasing digestion.

It is also known by those increasing digestion, in the reality of the optical probablicy in the stomach, that this is overcome by the carbonic acid

SEKE'S EXCITING BEAR HUNT. A Man, a Big Grizzly, and a Rattlemake at

the Bettem of a Prespect Hole. CALIENTE, Cal., June 10.-One-eyed Zeke, who hunts for a living around Owen Lake and along Owen River over in Inyo, came in yesterday to be doctored for a sprained ankle Spraining that ankle saved his life on this last trip. Zeke has a scheme of his own for killing grizzlies that is very effective if a man has nerve enough to work it and his gun doesn't miss fire. Helcarriesta heavy double-barrelled shotgun and a 44-calibre revolver, but never lugs a rifle even when he goes after bears. When he sights a grizzly he pops at him with the revolver and gets him mad, standing in the open where the bear can see him, and shootng often enough to dispel any possible doubts in the bear's noddle about the annovance. A grizzly will go his own way usually if not interfered with, but if insulted with pistol shots he is pretty certain to make a disturb-

ance of the peace. The exasperated bear snaps viciously at the place where the pistol snaps victously at the place where the pistor ball strikes him, concludes that Zeke is respon-sible for the trouble and goes for him. Zeke waits calmiy with a double load of heavy shot in each barrel and the hammers at full sible for the trouble and goes for him. Zoke waits calmly with a double load of heavy shot in each barrel and the hammers at full cock. Caleb comes right up to him, and when almost within hugging distance, rises on his hind legs to throw himself upon Zeke. Then Zeke turns loose both barrels at the bear's chest, and blows a hole as big as two fists nearly through him. The heavy charge at such close range smashes the grizzly's interior works in a deplorable manner, and he dies right away. It is far more effective than an express rific bullet. But it requires nerve to ince a big, ugly bear and reserve fire until he is within half a dozen feet of the gun.

Zeke met a bear in the mountains near Owen Lake and played his customary game, but not with complete success. By some extraordinary bad luck, both cartridges in his gun had defective primers, and when he pulled the triggers he was very much pained and disappointed by the absence of the usual loud report. It was a critical moment for Zeke. It took him the thousandth part of a second to grasp the situation and spring desperately to the right, Another small fraction of a second was consumed in his unexpected descent to the bottom of an old prospect hole that was overgrown with brush and escaped his notice.

Probably that is the only prospect hole in that part of the Sierra Nevada, and it must have been dug by some half-cracked Fortyniner like Marshall, who prospected all the way from Yuma to the Columbia. Zeke vows it was dug by Providence.

The sudden and unaccountable disappearance of the man, with a gun surprised the bear, and he had thrown himself forward and plunged into the chapparal several yards before he began to catch on to the fact that Zeke was not before him. As soon as Zeke struck bottom, he looked up to see if the bear was coming down too, and then he removed the bad cartridges and quickly inserted two more in his gun. He knew the bear would smell him out very soon.

In half a minute Caleb's wicked snout appeared at the top of the hole, which was abou

OLD-TIME CONJURERS.

ome of the Pamous Tricks of the Elder Herrmann and the Wizard of the North.

"I have just read of the death of Prof.
Herrmann, in his native town, Carlsbad, Germann," said Manager Louis Bharpe of MoVicker's Theatre yesterday. "He was the original Herrmann, and the greatest prestidigitateur that ever lived. I saw him first in New Orleans in 1860. He was the originator of the fish trick, at that time considered the most wonderful invented. Extending his left arm to the audience, he drew a handkerchief across it with his right, and in his left hand appeared a large globe with goldfish swimming around it. Again he throw the handkerchief across his arm, drawing it down over the globe, and immediately there were two globes full of fish, one standing on the other. This was his greatesticat. The Herrmann now playing in New York claims to be a brother of the original Herrmann. I believe they were together for a number of years."

"Takking of prestidigitateurs," said a traveled citizen, do you remember Anderson, 'the Wizard of the North,' he called himself? From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

reactestates. The Herrmann now playing in New York claims to be a brother of the original Herrmann. I believe they were together for a number of years."

"Talking of prestidigitateurs," said a travelled citizen, "do you remember Anderson, the Wizard of the Nosth, he called himself I remember years ago he closed his engagement in London at Covent Garden Theatre, by giving a masquerade bail, and while the masqueraders were in the midst of their revels the theatre took fire and was burned to the ground, the masqueraders escaping through the windows, and barely saving their lives. He was called by many the incarnation of the Evil One from the marvellous tricks he performed.

"One in particular I will mention. He asked if any one in the audience would lend him a Bank of England note, and an old, dilapidated 25 note, backed with nine signatures, was handed to him, the owner having just taken a note fof the date and number of the note, and the signatures, some of which were well known to the holder of the note. Prof. Anderson took the note and held it apparently in the flame of a candle until it was consumed, coolly remarking to the gentleman who handed it to him. I am sorry for your note. The audience, of course, enjoyed the joke immensely, but, after performing a few other tricks, he suddenly turned to the loaner of the note and said:

"Where would you like to have your note from this lemon or this load of bread?"

"The lemon was chosen, whereupon the wizard severed the lemon in the centre and drewout a new crisp Bank of England note of the same denomination, and handed it to the gentleman. Knowing the one he handed to the wizard was old, dirty, and with worn edges, a careful scrutiny was at once made. The date and number were found to correspond, and the endorsements on the back were intact:

"The wizard inquired: Is that the note you gave me, sir?' and on receiving the reply. It appears to be, but the one I gave you was an old note, but this is a new one; coolly replied: It has gone through a cleaning process. Not

Memorials of Charleston's Earthquake. The City Council of Charleston, S. C., adopted esolutions of thanks to the members of the committee who had managed and disbursed the Earthquake Relies who had managed and disbursed the Earthquake Relief Fund with great interest and ability. They also concluded to give to each one a suitable present, and it was at last decided that a bronne tablet would be the most desirable. Designs were made, and those of Tiffany & Co. were accepted by the committee.

Ten of the tablets have since been made, nine of which have been sent fouth. The one presented to Mayor Courtenay is still in the city, and can be seen in Tiffany's window. The tablets are of bronze, placed upon shony plaques, is inches by 12. The inscription, which is it boldly raised letters, occupies the centre of each place and reads as follows:

The Earthquake, 1880.
The City Council of Charleston,
South Carolina,
The Executive Relief Committee,
A Memorial
Cinequality Services

Our Unparalleled Calamity. Then comes the name of the recipient in stched let-ters on a raised ribbon, and below is the date, 1887. All this lies within a border of any leaves, the old symbol of "true attachment." Above this and conforming to the shape of the upper part of the bronze is the paintent wreath, as an emblem of the State. This surrounds the seal of the city of Charleston.